Near The Old Susquehanna Far Away

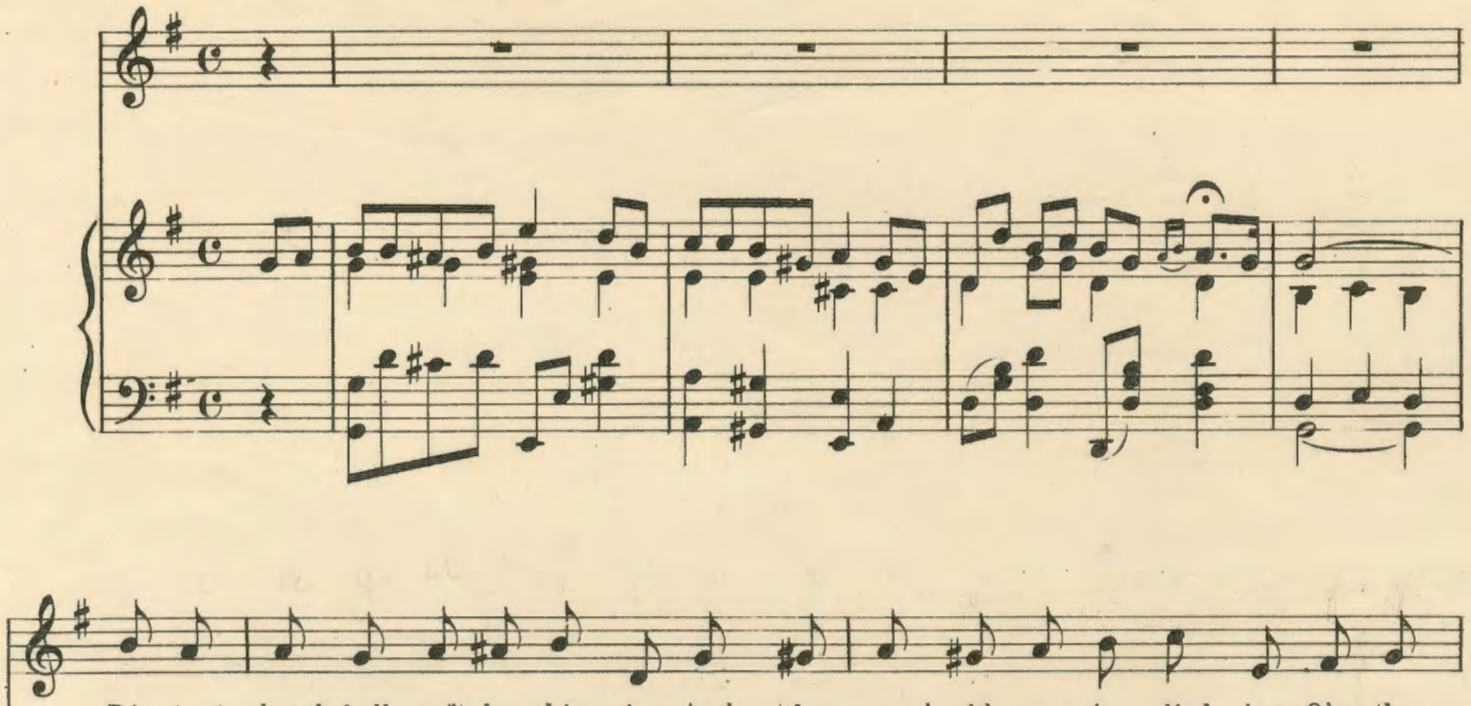
BY

F E Bebout

PUBLISHERS OF RAG TIME THAT IS DIFFERENT
STARK MUSIC CO.
210 OLIVE ST ST LOUIS MO
127 EAST 23 ST NEW YORK

Near the old Susquehana far away.

FRANK ELLIS BEBOUT.


Dis - tant church bells soft - ly chim - ing And the grand old moon is climb - ing, O'er the
So to - night with vis - ions teem - ing There's her face in all my dream - ing And a -
hill - tops where the lone - ly whip - por - will Is
gain she looks the fair - est of the fair And a -

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sing - ing old - en mel - o - dies, Re - call - ing ten - der mem - ries, While all
– gain in - scent - ed ev' - ning tide I'm stroll - ing fond - ly by her side With

na - ture rests so peace - full like and still. Then old fa -
dai - sies deck – ing out her gold - en hair. O'er my heart

mil - liar scenes ap - pear, And the girl I loved so dear, Once a -
once more steal the spell, I for - get the world but Nell, For she

gain she greets me at our trys - ting place. There I
whis - pers "Yes dear I'll be thine some day." But I

kissed her fond fare - well Left my heart with hers to dwell, Near the
see a grave thro' tears All that's left for fu ture years, Near the

old Sus - que - han - a far a - way.
old Sus - que - han - a far a - way.

CHORUS.

Now a dream - y splen - dor lies, Neath the

Penn - syl - va - nia skies For the grand old moon is turn - ing night to

day Where we roamed long years be fore But I'll

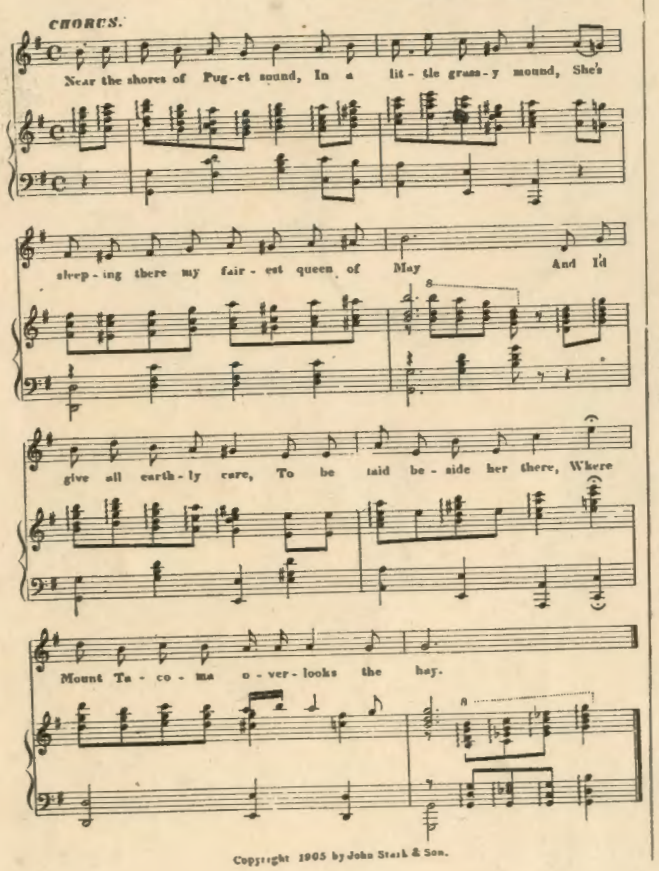
see her nev - er more Near the old Sus - que - han - a far a way.

TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO.

Where Mount Tacoma Overlooks the Bay

"Where Mount Tacoma Overlooks the Bay." This is an experience song of Chas. E Royal, who is singing it in San Francisco with brilliant success. It is sweetly pathetic. "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all" says the poet, and we agree in this case, else we never would have had this matchless song. You want it badly.

"WHERE MOUNT TACOMA OVERLOOKS THE BAY"

Words and Music by CHARLES E. ROYAL

CHORUS.
Near the shores of Pug-et sound, In a lit-tle grass-y mound, She's
sleep-ing there my fair-est queen of May And I'd
give all earth-ly care, To be laid be-side her there, Where
Mount Ta-co-ma o-ver-looks the bay.

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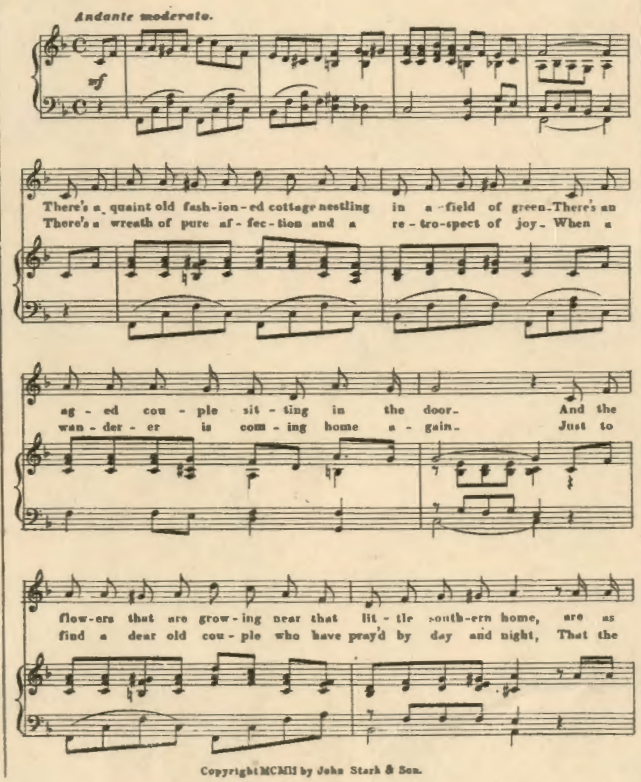
My Dear Old Southern Home.

"My Dear Old Southern Home" is the best of all late sentimental songs. Hear it well sung and you can never run away from it. The South breezes will whisper it in your ears. Your heart will beat to the memory of its seraphic measures. Don't miss it in your order.

MY DEAR OLD SOUTHERN HOME"

Words by E. Edwards. Music by Chas. E. Shafer.


Andante moderato.
There's a quaint old fash-ion-ed cottage nestling in a field of green-There's an
There's a wreath of pure af-fec-tion and a re-tro-spect of joy- When a
ag-ed cou-ple sit-ting in the door- And the
wan-der-er is com-ing home a-gain- Just to
flow-ers that are grow-ing near that lit-tle south-ern home, are as
find a dear old cou-ple who have pray'd by day and night, That the

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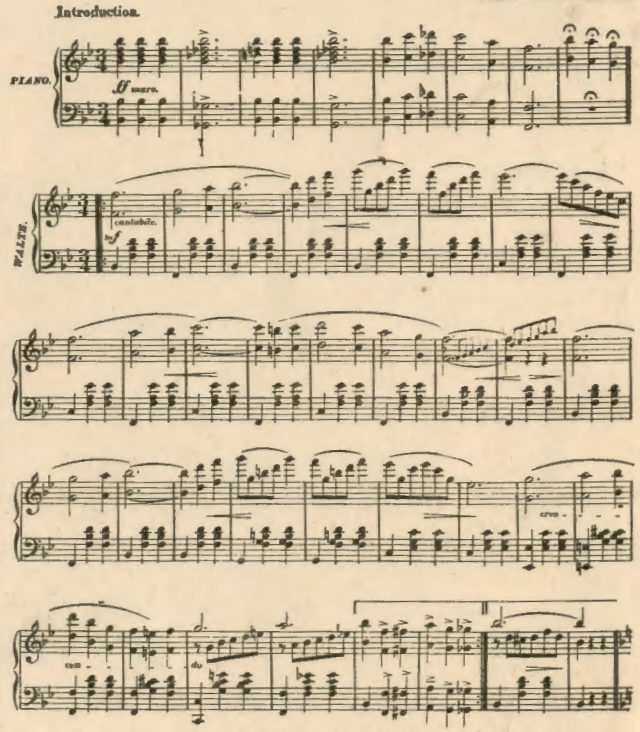
CASTLE SQUARE WALTZES.

"Castle Square Waltzes." This is selected from the many waltzes seeking public favor as the best now on the market. Its glittering arpeggios never fail to catch the hearer, and its sale is phenomenal. On title page is a halftone of Sheehan in the character of Lohengrin. It's a gem.

CASTLE SQUARE WALTZES.

Composed by FRED. BROWNOLD.

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